

# Miss Ghost

Don Henley

On a misbegotten, moonless night  
I stumbled in my door  
Disgusted with my circumstance  
When floating from my bedroom  
Came a moaning and a sigh  
"Oh, I've had one too many  
It's just the wind," says I

I lit up a cigarette  
And I poured a good, stiff drink  
You see, I needed to compose myself  
I needed time to think  
No sooner had I settled down  
The moaning came again  
Drifting through the silence  
Like some otherworldly violin

I bounded up the staircase  
I went slippin' and slidin' down the hall  
You know, I've been around the whole, wide world  
But I was not prepared at all  
Uninvited visitor, unsuspecting host  
"Well, I see you've made yourself at home.  
Good evening, Miss Ghost."

You're more beautiful than ever  
I feel just like a kid  
And I commence to trembling  
When I think of all the things we did  
Skin as pale as marble; lips as red as blood  
Imagine my surprise, my dear  
I thought that you were gone for good

You look so lovely lying there  
All stretched out on your back  
But I'm the one who's strung up here  
On old temptation's rusty rack  
And in the wee small hours  
Is when I miss you the most  
And I confess it, I have missed you  
Miss Ghost

I threw open the window  
And I howled at the rain  
And I cursed the weakness of the flesh  
This breath and bone-and this brute, reptilian brain

What dirty tricks the mind can play  
In the lonely dead of night  
When you bump into the shadow  
Of a faded love that wasn't right

Way down beneath the surface  
Far beyond the light of day  
So many things lie buried deep  
And baby, they should stay that way

Oh, my wicked, little habit  
We've really made a mess  
Everything's been trivialized  
In our vain pursuit of happiness

And even though you've come for me  
I won't go back with you  
To some temporary heaven  
Down some empty, dead-end avenue  
But it's been so good to have you here  
And I propose a toast  
"Here's to seeing through you-  
Miss Ghost."